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SONGS FOR FREEMEN:

A COLLECTION OF CAMPAIGN AND PATRIOTIC

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ADAPTED TO

FAMILIAR AND POPULAR MELODIES,



AND

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF "FREE SPEECH,
FREE PRESS, FREE SOIL, FREE MEN,
AND FREMONT."

UTICA:

H. H. HAWLEY, PUBLISHER.

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X

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ADDRESS OF FREEMEN OF THE NORTH, TO FREEMEN OF KANSAS.

BY REV. J. PIERPONT.

From Warren's Address to the American Soldiers, before the Battle
of Bunker Hill.

TUNE — "*Scots wha hae.*"

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy ruffians feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you!—they're on fire,
 And before you, see
Who have done it!—from the vale,
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail,
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battle trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But, oh! where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed,
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head.
 Of his deeds to tell?

OUR BANNER.

AIR — "*Sparkling and bright.*"

Proudly and bright, in the sun's broad light,
 Our banner's floating gaily,
 And freemen bold, to its ample fold,
 By millions gather daily

Then let it wave, o'er the free and brave,
 And proclaim to all creation,
 That there's no mistake, we're bound to shake
 Off the yoke of Southern domination.

We've a leader too, that is staunch and true,
 And the vict'ry he'll secure us,
 For besides the right, we shall have the might,
 That will carry all before us.

For our flag shall wave, etc.

Feeble and cold is Buchanan's hold,
 On the confidence of the nation,
 Like the shifting wind, you can never find
 Him twice, in the same situation.

But our flag shall wave, etc.

As for "Know-Nothing Fill," he'll find it up-hill,
 To work against our Fremont,
 He's a little too late for the chair of state,
 And he may as well not dream on't.

For our flag shall wave, etc.

Fremont's the man, that shall lead the van,
 Against the South's aggression,
 From the grizzly bear, to the bullies there,
 Will be no bad succession.

Then our flag shall wave, etc.

HAIL COLUMBIA!

This time-honored, noble song, will be found peculiarly appropriate to the present time.

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
 Let independence be your boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost,
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
 Rallying 'round our liberty,
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more!
 Defend your rights, defend your shore!
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine, where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;
 While offering peace, sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice may prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
 Let Washington's great name,
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear;
 With equal skill, with steady power,
 He governed in the fearful hour,

Of horrid war, or led with ease,
The happier time of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief from golden lands,
To serve his country, ready stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His trust is fixed in Heaven and you;
When hope is sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscures Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolves on "Death or Liberty."

Firm, united, etc.

SONG OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

By a member of the Young Men's Fremont Club, Sandusky, O.

TUNE — "*Jordan.*"

We come from the east, and we come from the west,
From Maine, to the farthest Rocky Mountain,
And we go in for Freedom, and all of the rest,
Of the blessings that flow from her fountain.

So "roll up the votes," is the motto of our song,
Like great rivers, flowing from their fountains,
We'll elect Colonel Fremont, we'll do it right along,
And Buchanan send beyond the Rocky Mountains.

We've Right on our side, and millions of freemen.

And Kansas is the field of the battle; [a pen.
Slave drivers there shall learn, they can't put freemen in
Nor chain them up in droves like their cattle.

So "roll up the votes," etc.

Let the whole North ring with the cry of "Free Soil,"
For we're bound not to let Kansas come in,

With the sound of the lash, applied to slave toil,
If we have to give Democracy a "*drummin'*."

So "roll up the votes," etc.

Then in the coming fight, let every freeman bring
A strong vote for Freedom — and remember,
It's a "Free Fight" boys, so come into the ring,
And "give 'em Jessie" Fremont, next November.

So "roll up the votes," etc.

FREEMEN! SONS OF NOBLE SIRE.

TUNE — "*Scots wha hae.*"

Freemen! sons of noble sires,
Hearts that burn with freedom's fires,
Welcome to your funeral pyres,
Or to victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower,
See approach the ruffian power,
Chains and Slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.

Who for Liberty and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fall,
Let him ready be.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our countrymen in chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But we will be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
'Tyrants fall in every foe,
LIBERTY'S in every blow —
Let us do, or die.

COLUMBIA CALLS ON HER SONS TO BE FREE.

TUNE — “ *The Grave of Buonaparte.* ”

Hark ! Hear ye the sound that the winds on their pinions
 Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea, [ions ?
 With a voice that resounds through her boundless domin-
 'T is COLUMBIA calls on her sons to be free !

Behold ! on yon summits where heaven has throned her,
 How she starts from her proud inaccessible seat !
 With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
 And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet.

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
 While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior song
 From the rocks to the valley re-echoe “ *Awaken!* ”
 Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long ! ”

Yes, Slavery, too long did your tyranny hold us,
 In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known ;
 'Till we learned that the links of the chain that con-
 trolled us,
 Were forged by Northern dough-faces alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing ;
 Despised as detested, pause well ere ye dare,
 To cope with a people whose spirits and feeling
 Are roused by remembrance and steeled by despair.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem, with a straw,
 'The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that con-
 fined them ;
 But presume not again to give freemen a law,
 Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind
 them.

PATENT CHIVALRY.

TUNE — "*Dandy Jim from Caroline.*"

A Southern bully, Brooks was born ;
 Our Northern rights he holds in scorn ;
 And luckless negroes hides to tan,
 This Bully Brooks is just the man.

Hurrah ! for Brooks and chivalry—
 This sprig of patent chivalry !
 For who can ply the lash like he,
 This pink of Southern chivalry ?

He thoroughly had learned the knack
 Of welting Sambo's tawny back,
 And, fearless of poor Sambo's wrath,
 Might safely flog him half to death.

This glorious son of chivalry !
 This chip of Southern chivalry !
 Oh ! who can flog with hand so free,
 As this bold son of chivalry ?

But tiring of this pleasant game,
 And bent on varying the same,
 He formed a safe and easy plan,
 To flog a harmless Free-state man.

This prudent son of chivalry !
 This sprig of Southern chivalry !
 Oh ! who so circumspect as he,
 This valiant sprig of chivalry ?

For like his brother bullies true,
 This ruffian knows a thing or two ;
 And never strikes an unarm'd man,
 Unless he's back'd by half his clan ;

For that is Southern chivalry,
 To fall on five to one, you see.
 Oh ! who can fight so safe as he,
 This prudent son of chivalry ?

He knew defeat would be disgrace,
 So dared not meet him face to face,
 As gentleman meets gentleman —
 Not he; he took a wiser plan :

Oh yes, this chip of chivalry —
 This choicest sprig of chivalry —
 Knew five to one would safer be
 For sons of patent chivalry.

With gallant Keitt, and Douglass tried,
 With Toombs and Slidel by his side,
 (For fear his foe should be too much,)
 His cane he manfully did clutch.

This brilliant star of chivalry !
 This gallant sprout of chivalry ! [three,
 Come boys, let's drink with three times
 This valiant sprig of chivalry !

A pistol and a bowie knife
 To aid him in the deadly strife,
 Each valiant hero trembling pressed
 Beneath the foldings of his vest,

For, oh ! this dreadful man might be
 Too much for Southern chivalry :
 Oh, horrible ! to think that he
 Might lick these sprigs of chivalry !

They stole along with cat-like tread,
 The blows fell fast on Sumner's head,
 Till senseless on the floor lay he,
 Vanquished by Southern chivalry.

Three cheers for Southern chivalry,
 For patent, rampant chivalry !
 No valiant knight in history
 Could match our Southern chivalry.

Then let them, to their heart's content,
 Use canes instead of argument ;
 For every one of Sumner's knocks
 We'll pay them at the ballot box.









BUCHANAN AND FREMONT.

TUNE — "*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

As Buchanan was walking by the White House one day,
His eyes did roll upward, and thus he did say —
"I am looking for lodgings, and this is the thing;
So I guess I will take it quite early next spring."

CHORUS — Singing to la lal la ral la to ral lal la.

Then bowing quite lowly to the people around,
He called them the bravest he ever had found;
The South was his darling, the North was his pride,
And in speaking of Kansas he tenderly sighed —

CHORUS — Singing to la, etc.

"I am yours, my dear people," he fervently said;
"And 'tis for that reason I never shall wed.
I'll be your protector — your's truly alone;
Your joys and your sorrows shall all be my own."

CHORUS — Singing to la, etc.

'T was thus he was talking sweet things to the crowd,
When the voice of the people rose up very loud:
"Here comes John and Jessie, so clear out the way,
'T is too late in the season for you to make hay."

CHORUS — Singing to la, etc.

"We go for free Kansas, free press, and free speech,
And many great things that freedom doth teach;
We want no old fogies to crush us with wrong,
So clear out the way for Jessie and John."

CHORUS — Singing to la, etc.

Then Buchanan, with weeping, looked round on the crowd,
But, alas! for his "feelinks," they cried very loud —
"Make way for brave Fremont, our hero, make way,
You can ride up Salt River for ten cents a day."

CHORUS — Singing to la, etc.

MORAL.

Now all wire pullers take warning by this,
 Ere dreaming of gaining political bliss—
 Don't knock at the White House on Uncle Sam's Farm,
 Unless Freedom and Jessie do hang on your arm.

CHORUS — Singing to la, etc.

RALLYING SONG.

BY R. R. RAYMOND.

TUNE — "*Marsellaise Hymn.*"

Behold! the furious storm is rolling,
 Which Border Fiends, confederates, raise,
 The Dogs of War, let loose, are howling,
 And lo! our infant cities blaze.
 And shall we calmly view the ruin,
 While lawless force with giant stride
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 In guiltless blood his hand imbruing?

Arise, Arise, ye brave!

And let our war-cry be:

Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 FRE-MONT and VICTORY!

Oh, Liberty! can he resign thee,
 Who once has felt thy generous flame?
 Can threats subdue, or bolts confine thee—
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 No! by the heavens bright bending o'er us
 We've called our Captain to the van—
 Behold the hour—Behold the man!
 Oh, wise and valiant go before us!

Then let the shout again,

Ring out from sea to sea,

Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 FRE-MONT and VICTORY!

Hurrah, Hurrah! from hill and valley,
 Hurrah from prairie wide and free!
 Around our glorious Chieftain rally,
 For KANSAS and for LIBERTY!
 Let him who first her wilds exploring,
 Her virgin beauty gave to fame,
 Now save her from the curse and shame
 Which slavery o'er her soil is pouring.

Our Standard Bearer then
 The brave Pathfinder be!
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
 FRE-MONT and VICTORY!

FREEDOM.

Free soil, free men,
 Free speech, free pen,
 Freedom from slavery's thrall;
 Free North, free East,
 Free South, free West,
 Freedom for one and all!
 Free ports, free seas,
 Free ships, free breeze;
 Free homesteads for the people;
 Free bells on every steeple,
 Free pulpits and free preachers;
 ('Three cheers for all the Beechers;)
 Freedom from Southern rooks;
 Freedom from Southern "Brooks;"
 Free schools, free books;
 Freedom to worship God,
 Freedom to read his Word;
 Freedom's star spangled banners
 Waving o'er gallant Kansas,
 Freedom from border smugglers —
 ('Three groans for Pierce and Douglas!)
 Freemen to bear the battle brunt,
 And, rushing to the battle front,
 Fremont! Fremont!

THE BATTLE CRY.

BY W. J. STILLMAN.

A sleepless host, for battle burning,
 We had united through the night,
 To the East impatient turning
 For some promise of the light.

Round us the mists drifted,
 High were all hearts lifted,
 Prayers were to heaven wafted—
 Prayers for freedom.

Heroes chafed at forced inaction,
 Hearts grew sick with hope deferred;
 Leaderless, made weak by faction,
 Now despairing, now hope-stirred.

Resolute still were we,
 There to win victory,
 Or our last fight to see—
 Fighting for freedom.

But at length the red light streaming;
 Driving mists and gloom away,
 Showed the hostile armor gleaming,
 All around our weak array.

Many to one were they,
 But we felt no dismay;
 "Truth fights with us to-day—
 'Truth strikes for freedom."

"Give us, now," we said, "a captain—
 Some true man to lead the fight,
 One whom nature made a chieftain,
 Strong of hand and quick of sight.

Give us some battle cry—
 Some word to conquer by—
 Or, shouting, now to die,
 Fighting for freedom."

A name of worth the desert sent us —
 Fremont, young, and brave, and true —
 And Romance all her jewels lent us,
 To set it on our banners blue.

Now to the battle set!
 Now let the foe be met!
 Never that cry forget —
 "Fremont and freedom."

FREMONT GATHERING SONG.

AIR — "*Come, oh come with me.*"

Up with the banner, boys,
 Up with the banner;
 Unfurl the stars and stripes,
 Prairie winds fan her.

Steady the standard, boys.
 Steady the standard;
 Strong winds blow on it,
 Seaward and landward.

Keep the ball rolling, boys,
 Keep the ball rolling;
 Never we'll play a game
 Needs better bowling.

Do to-day's duty, boys,
 Do to-day's duty;
 Next sun that shines shall show
 Dear freedom's duty.

True, firm, and steady, boys,
 Fearless and steady;
 Let all the other side
 Know we are ready.

Truth should be stronger, boys,
 Truth should be stronger;
 Long have we borne the shame —
 Bear it no longer.

Hold to our cause, my boys,
 Hold to it ever;
 Yield not a single foot;
 Free, now or never.

FREMONT RALLYING SONG.

TUNE — "*The Schoolmaster.*"

Say, ye freemen, who shall be
 The next leader of the free?
 Know ye who could fearless dare
 Front the savage and the bear?
 Who can scale the mountain steeps —
 Plow the drifts and bridge the deeps?
 Stern in purpose — wise in plan,
 Our Fremont is just the man.

When the waves of threatening fate
 Rise to whelm the ship of State,
 Who shall speak the word of cheer,
 Clear the breakers roaring near?
 Spread the glorious stripes again,
 And to port safely attain?
 Say, ye freemen — well ye can —
 If Fremont be not the man?

Rouse ye, then, with heart and hand,
 Freedom be to all the land!
 Break the haughty tyrant's rod —
 'Tis a duty owed to God!
 Wipe the blood from Kansas' soil —
 From the spoiler take the spoil.
 Let your cry of rally be —
 Strike! Fremont and victory!

GET OUT OF THE WAY OLD BUCHANAN.

TUNE — "*Old Dan Tucker.*"

Old Buchanan has got home, sirs,
 Never more away to roam, sirs,
 Says he'll take the White House chair, sirs,
 If our votes will put him there, sirs.

Get out of the way, Old Buchanan,
 With the platform that you stan' on.

Says, if we'll give him the power,
 Blessings on us he will shower,
 In the shape of shining niggers,
 For our waiters and our diggers!

Get out of the way, etc.

Says, he'll use the nation's treasure,
 And take Cuba at his leisure,
 With or without Spain's consent, sir,
 And old Don must be content, sir,

Get out the way, etc.

Says, that island with its slavery,
 And its bull-cockfighting knavery,
 Must be part of our slave nation,
 If he gets the situation!

Get out of the way, etc.

Says, he'll stop, throughout the nation,
 The old slavery "agitation;"
 If one talk against the system,
 He'll have Brooks brought out to fist him!

Get out of the way, etc.

Says, it is no more than justice,
 To sustain the fillibusters,
 In the slave regeneration,
 Of the Nicaragua nation.

Get out of the way, etc.

Says, that equal pay for labor,
Each, in common with his neighbor,
Should receive, throughout the earth, sir,
And ten cents a day 't is worth, sir!

Get out of the way, etc.

Tells the the old deceitful story,
'Bout the nation's territory;
Means the ruffians aye shall hold it,
To whom Pierce and Douglas sold it.

Get out the way, etc.

Say no more to us, Buchanan!
We know all the planks you stan' on;
A tyrant's platform and a doughface,
In the White House shall have no place.

Get out the way, etc.

Get out the way! Fremont's coming!
In the distance see him looming!
See the Bucks on each side scatter,
While they know not what's the matter.

Get out the way, etc.

FREMONT THE CHOICE OF THE NATION.

TUNE — "*The Red, White, and Blue.*"

Oh! Fremont's the choice of the nation —
The pride of the fearless and free!
We'll drink to his health and his station,
Though Fillmore has come o'er the sea.
His heart beats for freedom remaining
On the soil where fond liberty grew;
He's for our pioneers sustaining
The free flag — the red, white, and blue.

There are lands where millions are yearning
 For freedom from tyranny's chain,
 While to Kansas our efforts are turning,
 To keep her from slavery's stain.
 For Fremont, he stands with devotion,
 And swears to the Union he's true;
 He crosses o'er mountain to ocean,
 And plants there the red, white and blue.

No sectional questions shall sever
 The bonds that our forefathers wrought;
 "The Union forever and ever!"
 Unsullied, unstained, and unbought,
 This watchword from Fremont we borrow,
 And he stands by his promise so true;
 Then who will their leader not follow,
 When he bears the red, white, and blue?

Our voices unite, then, for Union;
 The stars and the stripes float above;
 Huzza, all! for Fremont and Dayton,
 Huzza! for the man that we love!
 The old Union ship, when well guided,
 Will prove ever sound, staunch, and true,
 And soon will the storm have subsided,
 That threatened the red, white and blue.

ALL HAIL TO FREMONT!

BY ELIZABETH WHITTIER.

AIR — "*Buonaparte crossing the Rhine.*"

All hail to Fremont! Swell the lofty acclaim
 Like winds from the mountains, like prairies aflame!
 Once more the Pathfinder is forth on his hunt,
 Clear the way for Free Soil, for Free Men and Fremont!

We'll spurn every fetter, we'll break every rod,
 And Kansas shall bloom like the Garden of God,

When we plant the white banner of Freedom upon 't,
And cry "To the rescue, free men and Fremont!"

Oh! the land that we love shall be sacred from slaves,
From the tyrant's misrule and the plunder of knaves;
We'll baptize the Union in Liberty's font,
And the faith of our fathers shall live with Fremont.

Go, brave mountain climber, lead on in the path
Where the people shall sweep in the pride of their wrath!
Who shall hinder their triumph, if God so appoint?
Who stay the bold march of free men and Fremont?

Then East, West, and North swell the lofty acclaim
Like winds from the mountains, like prairies aflame!
Clear the way, the Pathfinder moves on in our front,
And our hearts shall keep time to the march of Fremont!

JESSIE FREMONT.

AIR — "*Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane.*"

The sun-burst has dawned over all the glad mountains,
While Freedom and Glory rise up hand in hand
To meet our young children from Liberty's fountains,
With Jessie, sweet Jessie, the flower o' the land!
How blithe is the summons o'er all the wide nation,
How swells the bold music that marshals our band!
He comes like a hero to fill the proud station —
With Jessie, sweet Jessie, the flower o' the land!

She's wise and she's prudent; she's good as she's bonnie;
For virtue and valor she takes a brave stand;
For the Chieftain's White Mansion she's better than onie,
So give her "God speed!" there, the flower o' the land.
Let honest hearts greet her, and victory meet her —
You'll never repent it — so join hand in hand,
Till firm with our leader, in rapture, we seat her —
Our noble young Jessie, the flower o' the land!

He's bound to win in the four mile race,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS — We're bound to, etc.

Then do your best with the old gray hack,
Du da, du da,
The Mustang Colt will clear the track,
Du da, du da day.

CHORUS — We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work all day;
I'll bet my money on the Mustang Colt,
You'd better not bet on the gray.

UNCLE JAMES.

TUNE — "*Uncle Ned.*"

There was an old gentleman whose name was James;
He was born long ago, long ago;
He had, like other people, some other names,
But that didn't save him, you know.

CHORUS — Then lay down the fiddle and the bow,
Take up the shovel and the hoe,
And we'll dig a big hole for old Uncle James,
And bury him deep and low.

In the federal ranks long time he stood,
And once he was heard to shout
That "if he had a drop of democratic blood,
He'd be glad to let it out."

Then lay down, etc.

To Ostend once, went this old gentleman,
And this honest scheme did reveal —
"We'll buy Spain's daughter, Cuba, if we can,
And what we can't buy we'll steal."

Then lay down, etc.

When he'd grown old the Democrats thought,
 They'd take Uncle James by the nose,
 And put him in the front of a fight they fought
 With slavery's host of foes.

Then lay down, etc.

But poor Uncle James was too old to fight,
 And too old to run away,
 So Uncle James woke one morning bright,
 And found he had lost the day.

Then lay down, etc.

POLITICAL JUDGMENT DAY.

As composed for, and sung by,

MR. S. M. FASSETT.

AIR — "*Old Dog Tray.*"

The day of grace is past,
 And reck'ning comes at last,
 The bold and the daring ones in vice shrink away,
 But tricks will not avail.
 In guilt and fear they pale
 Before the people's judgment day.

CHORUS.

Douglas and Pierce have not been faithful,
 The "White House" has led them astray,
 They're our country's direst foes,
 Have destroyed her calm repose;
 But they'll ne'er forget this reck'ning day.

We'll remember who are true,
 And we'll hold them up to view —
 Their courage for the right and rebuking the wrong,
 But Buchanan and his clan
 Will be routed to a man,
 Before the mighty — Freedom's throng.

CHORUS.

Fremont and Dayton will be faithful;
 Slavery cannot make them a prey.
 They're men of noble mind;
 The path of right they'll find
 To usher in the glorious day.

"Uncle Sam" has trained his boys
 To cherish Freedom's joys, [earth
 Bequeathed by the brave and the choicest men of
 But the rulers of to-day,
 By their foul, despotic sway,
 Disgrace the land that gave them birth.

CHORUS.

Freemen to their trust must be faithful;
 Yield not to border-ruffian sway.
 But united to a man,
 With Fremont at the van,
 Proclaim the people's judgment day.

"Uncle Sam" provides a farm
 For each son, whose sturdy arm
 Will plow, sow and reap, and adorn the virgin soil,
 But the land to freedom sworn,
 Must by ruthless hands be torn,
 And sacrificed to unpaid toil!

CHORUS.

The South to her pledge has not been faithful;
 Kansas she seeks for a prey.
 But the North, too has her right;
 To secure it she will fight,
 Till we usher in the glorious day!

Ye sons of freedom wake!
 The chains of party brake, [true
 And show a gazing world that to Liberty you're
 The "White House" has no place
 That a bachelor can grace,
 So with "Jessie" we'll adorn it anew!

CHORUS.

"Fremont and Jessie" will be faithful;
 "Union"—"of hearts" be their sway,
 'Tween the sunny, balmy South,
 And the steadfast, busy North,
 The dawn of FREEDOM'S GLORIOUS DAY!

SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

TUNE — "*Tippecanoe and Tyler too.*"

Have you heard of one Fremont, mont, mont,
 So honest and true;
 He's just the man that 'll do all he can
 For liberty here and in Kansas too!
 For liberty here and in Kansas too!
 And with him we'll beat old Buck, Buck, Buck,
 And his slavery crew!
 And with him we'll beat old Buck!

Have you heard of Dayton, true, true, true?
 One of the very few,
 Whose course has been plain and always the same,
 For freedom of speech and action too!
 For freedom of speech and action too!
 And with him we'll beat old Breck, Breck, Breck,
 And his chivalry too!
 And with him we'll beat old Breck.

Did you hear that gun from Maine, Maine, Maine,
 Resounding the country through?
 For Hamlin's not a man to work for a clan
 Who are freedom's worst and bitterest foe!
 Who are freedom's worst and bitterest foe!
 For with him we'll beat old Buck, Buck, Buck,
 And his slavery crew!
 And with him we'll beat old Buck.

Have you heard of P. S. Brooks, Brooks, Brooks,
 With his gutta percha cane?
 For he struck a blow, laid our champion low;
 But it roused the nation for once and again!
 But it roused the nation for once and again!
 And it'll take a mighty big cane, cane, cane,
 Slavery's cause to gain!
 For it'll take a mighty big cane.

Then let freedom be our watchword, word, word,
 And liberty too!
 For freedom is dear — Southrons can't rule here;
 For we're not their niggers, that's very clear!
 For we're not their niggers, that's very clear!
 For they sha n't govern us, that's so, so, so!
 For they sha n't govern us, that's so!

FREMONT AND FREEDOM.

TUNE — "*Oh Susanna.*"

Our freedom is a precious boon,
 By our forefathers given;
 Then wide awake, my lads, or soon
 'T will from our grasp be riven.
 Our candidates are on the track,
 Then bravely round them rally,
 And let our war cry, echoed back
 From mountain, plain, and valley,
 Be for Fremont,
 Fremont and Dayton still,
 From mountain, plain, and valley,
 From every vale and hill.

Old Buck and Breck are in the field,
 Both willing tools of tyrants,
 And shall we, boys, our country yield,
 To such unsafe aspirants?
 Ring out our answer loud and clear,

O'er prairie, rock and river,
 "We'll ne'er resign our birthright dear,
 But fight for freedom ever,"

Shout then for Fremont,
 Fremont and Dayton still,
 From mountain, plain and valley,
 From every vale and hill.

Our foes pretend they're sure to win,
 But faith they needn't dream on't;
 We're bound to have free Kansas in,
 Free will, free speech, and Fremont!
 We'll fear no truckling doughfaced crew,
 With Buck and Breck to lead 'em,
 But shout our cry the Union through,
 Our battle cry of freedom.

Shout then for Fremont, etc.

While gallant Fremont leads the van,
 With Dayton for his second,
 The downfall of the tyrant clan,
 May certainly be reckon'd;
 Then to the breeze our banner fling,
 And rally, rally under;
 While still our battle cry shall ring,
 In peals of mighty thunder.

Shout then for Fremont, etc.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRE.

From the National Era.

TUNE — "*Auld Lang Syne*."

All night above their rocky bed
 They saw the stars march slow;
 The wild Sierre overhead,
 The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
 The grey bear from his den,
 Beyond their camp fires wall of dark,
 Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned with anxious strain,
 Their leaders sleepless eye,
 Where splinters of the mountain chain
 Stood blank against the sky.

The night waned slow; at last a glow,
 A gleam of sudden fire,
 Shot up behind the walls of snow,
 And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men!" he cried; "yon rocky comb
 To-day, please God, we'll pass,
 And look from Winter's frozen home
 On Summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
 They trod th' eternal snow,
 And faint-worn, bleeding, hailed at last
 The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
 By many an icy horn,
 Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
 And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs,
 To flap his baffled wing,
 And downward, with the cataracts,
 Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band!
 Another task remains,
 To break from Slavery's desert land
 A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,

Yet flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, Fremont! and go before;
The Hour must have its man;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van!

J. G. W.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

AIR — "*The Mellow Horn.*"

The voice of Freedom loudly calls
On all the true and brave,
From slavery's destroying land,
Her fair domain to save —
"Arise and let my empire stretch,
From widening sea to sea."
Her soil forever consecrate,
To blessed liberty.

To Liberty,
To blessed Liberty,
To Liberty,
To blessed Liberty.

Her banner is unfolded wide,
Of red and purest white;
Her lofty countenance divine,
Shines like her armor bright.
America's true-hearted sons,
Her warriors brave shall be;
Her battle shout victorious,
Fremont and Liberty!

Oh, Liberty,
Fremont and Liberty,
Oh, Liberty,
Fremont and Liberty.

Let freemen hasten to her side,
 And raise her banner high;
 Free speech beneath our domes to have,
 Free soil beneath our sky.
 Let bleeding Kansas' fertile plains,
 A land of freedom be;
 And let this circled Union cry
 Fremont and Liberty!

Oh, Liberty,
 Fremont and Liberty,
 Oh, Liberty,
 Fremont and Liberty.

TO JOHN C. FREMONT.

AIR — "*Dance Boatman, Dance.*"

Champion of freedom! hail to the!
 A million eyes with pride will flame,
 To see the goddess Liberty
 Adorn her standard with thy name.
 Then hail! Fremont hail!
 To preside o'er this mighty nation,
 For the people's choice,
 With one glad voice
 Will call you to that station.
 Ho! then voters ho!
 For Fremont and Dayton we'll all go.

That glorious flag of stripes and stars,
 Borne Westward by thy daring hand,
 Through tempests, and o'er mountain bars,
 And planted on Pacific's strand.

Then hail! Fremont hail! etc.

Columbus of the golden West!
 As he returned from Salvador,

So thou by jealousy oppressed,
The path of honor traveled o'er,

Then hail ! Fremont hail ! etc.

But time is just ; and glory now
With busy fingers joyful weaves
A diadem to grace thy brow,
Of myrtle boughs and laurel leaves,

Then hail ! Fremont hail ! etc.

Young Alexander of the age !
Lay thou aside thy sword and shield,
Leave tempest's wrath and Indian rage,
To serve upon a nobler field.

Then hail ! Fremont hail ! etc,

That field thy country's sacred soil —
The Canaan of the human race —
Made by the Revolution's toil,
True freedom's only dwelling place.

Then hail ! Fremont hail ! etc.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR — "*Dearest May.*"

The South once struck for liberty,
And played the patriot's part,
But like some ladies, now she keeps
The cotton next her heart.
And now the days of all her friends —
"Black Douglas," "Bully Brooks,"
And "Uncle Butler," all are told,
And black her future looks.

Then shout with joyous cheer !
Let all the people hear !
For brave Fremont shall lead the front,
And be our pioneer.

Soon shall the fame of Franklin Pierce
 In dark oblivion fade —
 Melt like the candy, short and sweet.
 For which that cent was paid.
 Buchanan, though no doubt a "trump,"
 "Runs with" a bad machine,
 And ne'er shall in the old "White House,"
 As President be seen.

The shout, etc.

Besides he has no dearer self,
 No partner of his soul,
 While Fremont's got a "better half,"
 And what must be the whole!
 She in the old "White House" shall send
 Sweet music through the aisles,
 And like a Jessiemine will wreath
 Its porch with flowing smiles.

Then shout, etc.

We want no doughface now, with all
 The faults of North and South,
 Whose principles are hard to find,
 As was the nigger's mouth.
 We want no loco who shall choose
 His cut-throat "Buchaneers,"
 O'er freedom's fertile plains to sow
 Her soil with blood and tears.

Then shout, etc.

We want no Southerner, who's learned
 'Mong slaves to rule the free,
 And studied liberty while serfs
 Before him bowed the knee;
 We want a man to stem the tide —
 The Stygian tide of sin!
 And bid the "Reign of Terror" cease,
 Which rose when Pierce "went in."

Then shout, etc.

There comes a chief from sunset land,
 From far off shores of gold —
 A man whose mind and soul is cast
 In Nature's noblest mould.
 And freedom's heart exulting throbs,
 While from her banner'd van,
 Like voice of many waters, peals
 The cry — "Behold the man?"

Then shout, etc.

THE FOUR YEARS' RACE.

TUNE — "*Few Days.*"

The four years' race is to be run,
 In a few days, a few days,
 By slavery's hack it can't be won,
 Oh! take "Buck" home,
 "Buck's" wind was hurt on the federal track,
 In his young days, his young days,
 And slavery's load has strained his back:
 Oh! take him home.

For freedom's colt is training,
 For a few days, a few days,
 He'll run without spur or reining:
 Oh! take "Buck" home.

"Old Buck" has fed at the public rack,
 So many days, so many days,
 When he ought to trot, he's sure to rack:
 Oh! take him home.
 A hack that's fed on fed'ral oats,
 Will find too late, find too late,
 It ain't the fit for winning votes:
 Oh! take him home.

For freedom's colt is training, etc.

'Tis cruel to run so old a hack,
 In a few days, in a few days;
 His shoes are loose, no spine in his back,
 Oh! take "Buck" home.
 Our free mountain colt will win the field,
 In a few days, a few days,
 And slavery's minions will have to yield,
 Oh! take them home.

For we've a colt in training, etc.

Next November when we get the news,
 In a few days, - a few days,
 Take away his grain, pull off his shoes,
 And send him home.
 Poor old hack we'll send him to grass,
 In a few days, a few days,
 On a Michigan prairie with old Cass,
 Oh! take him home.

For we've a colt in training, etc.

A bachelor President was ne'er seen yet,
 In our days, in our days,
 And what is more, won't be, I'll bet,
 For he's going home.
 Such a one horse team would look forlorn,
 In our days, in our days,
 We'll give him "Jessie" as sure he's born —
 Oh! do take him home.

For we've a colt in training, etc.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

BY C. C. DAWSON.

AIR — "*Yankee Doodle*."

FREE SOIL we claim for Freedom's sons,
 No more of slave-cursed acres;
 For those who toil should own the soil,
 Be of its fruits partakers.

CHORUS:—"Old Buck" so blue,
 And Fillmore, too,
 Have both vile traitors been, sirs!
 Catch up the shout,
 And ring it out,
 FREMONT, Free soil, Free men sirs!

Free speech and press, those brothers twain,
 In Kansas lack protection,
 And though they long have suffered wrong,
 We'll right it after 'lection.
 The types that in the rivers lie,
 Thrown there for serving Freedom,
 Washed clean and bright, may come to light
 Some day when 'Truth shall need 'em,

"Old Buck" so blue, etc.

We heed the cry in Kansas raised,
 Freemen like slaves are treated—
 Their houses burned, their just rights spurned!
 Though wronged, they're not defeated.
 A coward crew fair Lawrence sacked,
 With S. and A. to lead 'em.
 (Those names too long and vile for song—
 For any song of Freedom.)

That border horde, their acts might shame
 Our Fathers' base oppressors,
 And in their turn they, too, shall learn
 How fares it with transgressors.
 Who love the name of Bunker hill,
 Just think of this, and con it,
 That TOOMBS declares, and madly swears,
 His slaves he'll muster on it!

We've had enough of threats like this,
 We'll patient be no longer,
 And, if with canes they beat our brains,
 We'll send them something stronger.
 Fremont shall keep our Western plains,—
 He was the first to cross them,—

From slavery free, and soon there'll be
 A railroad built across them.

We'll send him on to Washington,
 To be the White House lessee,
 And when our own have older grown,
 We'll name a state for Jessie!
 Then let us rise, the victory's ours;
 We'll work and vote to win it,
 For righteous laws we make our cause,
 And all our hearts are in it.
 "Old Buck" so blue, etc

THE FREEMEN OF THE NORTH.

TUNE — "*Auld Lang Sync.*"

While Kansas' murdered freemen lie
 On every sunny plain,
 And blazing homes light up her sky
 Like death-fires for the slain;
 While Southern treason rages high,
 And grows the deadly feud,
 The North sends back her battle cry —
 "We will not be subdued!"

The South may send her champions out,
 Her cowards armed with canes,
 The freemen of the North fear not
 Her tyrants or her chains;
 And when she lifts her red right hand
 With brothers' blood imbrued,
 We scorn her boasting and her threats —
 "We will not be subdued!"

A mighty army go we forth,
 With Fremont in the van,
 To wage the warfare of the North
 For freedom and for man;

And he who sought the Western sea
 Through wilds of solitude,
 Shall lead us on to Victory—
 “We will not be subdued!”

THE BACHELOR CANDIDATE.

AIR — “*Jeanette and Jeanot.*”

It's time to be doing, the play has begun,
 There's mischief a brewing as sure as a gun!
 The Buck and Breck noodles are stupidly bent
 On choosing a Bach for our next president;

A bachelor who, like his species you know,
 Is afraid of the girls and to union a foe;
 Then up and be doing, for danger is rife —
 A man is but moonshine who has n't a wife.

For a fusty old codger who ne'er — as 'tis said —
 Had children to speak of, and never was wed,
 To be our chief ruler, it must be confess'd,
 Is doing up matters in mighty bad taste.

Imagine him in the White House — if you can —
 With all things arranged on the bachelor plan;
 Not a petticoat in it to lend it a charm,
 Nor a bright smile of woman to keep the place warm.

In festoons the cobwebs are clustering round,
 All things in confusion from attic to ground,
 Chairs, sofas, and tables with dust cover'd o'er,
 While quids and cigar stumps embellish the floor.

Just think what queer things his receptions would be:
 Uncouth gander parties, as all must agree,
 For a house with no mistress, a place is, I ween,
 Where no well-bred lady would wish to be seen.

With pride we can point to our own candidate,
 Who doubled his value by taking a mate.
 And found in his Jessie a treasure more bright,
 Than all Mariposa will e'er bring to light.

Come on, boys, we won't go for Cœlebs — that's flat,
 He's only a unit and cypher at that;
 So we'll march to the polls with an unbroken front,
 And give our support to the gallant Fremont!

REPUBLICAN SONG.

AIR — "*Bonny Doon.*"

The time has come when truth and right,
 Must wrestle hard with wrong and might —
 When men with noble hearts to feel
 For human woe and human weal —
 When men who love "our country's" name,
 And seek for her enduring fame
 Must stand together, side by side,
 To save the country of our pride.

Now o'er her verdant vales and hills
 There hangs a cloud of threat'ning ills,
 Afar from o'er the sea has come
 A martial sound; and war at home,
 By "border ruffians" ruthless hand,
 Would spread destruction o'er the land.
 Then rouse ye! brothers, strong and brave;
 Arouse! our glorious land to save.

We need a leader true and tried:
 A noble one we've found to guide;
 A man with fearless heart and warm,
 He's just the man to brave the storm.
 He who o'er Rocky Mountain snows
 Has pressed, will frighten freedom's foes.
 Then rouse ye, brothers! hand in hand,
 For Fremont and for freedom stand.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

Written for the Rochester Young Men's Republican Club.

TUNE — "*Jordan*."

Hurrah! boys, hurrah! we have met in a cause,
That we may be proud of sustaining;
For Liberty's fate bides the victory great,
And that we are quite sure of gaining.

Then wake up, my boys, and give a loud cheer,
For FREMONT the brave is a coming;
Then wake up, my boys, and let the people hear,
Old buck will be rowing up the river next year.

There's a stain on the banner that floats o'er our land,
And all the wide world can behold it;
And we hang down the head when we think of the dead,
Who first in its glory did unfold it.

Then wake up, my boys, etc.

But that stain we'll remove, and that banner shall wave,
The flag of the free and the daring;
And the nations shall look to Columbia's sons,
And honor the flag they are bearing.

Then wake up, my boys, etc.

We're bound to have Kansas come in a Free State,
No matter what the South may be saying;
We'll fight against wrong with an arm that is strong,
And with hearts that know not dismaying.

Then wake up, my boys, etc.

So give us your hand, and together we'll fight,
Our country from shame to deliver;
Our FREMONT is strong, and he'll send before long
Both Fillmore and Buck up the river.

Then wake up, my boys, etc.

All of Liberty's sons are with us, my boys,—
 As for Brooks and the *bullies* accordin',—
 Why early next spring as sure as any thing,
 They 'll stand on the *tother side of Jordan*.
 Then wake up, my boys, etc.

JOHN C. FREMONT'S COMING.

TUNE — "*Old Dan Tucker*."

Come, let's sing a song quite jolly
 For an end to reign of folly;
 Frank Pierce's jig is nearly up,
 Tho' bitterly he's filled our cup.

Clear the track!

Clear the track!

Clear the track! John Fremont's coming,
 And he'll set the 'brascals running!

Those foul deeds on plains of Kansas
 Have been enough to raise our "danders"—
 But there we'll plant bright freedom's standard,
 And have a man to lead the vanguard.

Clear the track, etc.

November fourth will tell a story,
 That will be a day of glory;
 For best int'rests of all nations,
 And good folk's in every station.

Clear the track, etc.

Border ruffians, fillibusters,
 Will be swept by strong Nor'westers;
 Bully Brooks and all such cattle
 Fall lifeless in this ballot battle.

Clear the track!

Clear the track!

Clear the track! John Fremont's coming,
 And he'll set the 'brascals running!

FOR FREEDOM AND FREMONT.

AIR — "*A warrior's heart for battle burns.*"

For Fremont now, our candidate,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 To place him in the chair of state,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 'Tis true as steel, an honest man,
 A better show us if you can,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

We spread our banners to the sky,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Free speech, Fremont, and liberty,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Frank Pierce's place is under deck,
 And so 't will be with "Buch and Breck,"
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Of demagogues we've had enough,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Douglas and Pierce; Oh! horrid stuff!
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 We're sick of all their brawling fuss;
 An honest man's the man for us,
 Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Fremont's the man the people want,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 We're tired of locofoco cant,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 We nail our colors to the mast
 And shout — Our Country, first and last,
 Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

For Fremont, then, three cheers, my boys.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

We 'll work for him, the people's choice,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 The People's President he'll be,
 Hurrah! for Fremont's victory.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

YE SEVEN POORE TRAVELERS.

A Mournful Tale.

Ye pu-pu-poore travelers seven once ca-ca-came,
 Whome gig-gig-grievyous disasters be fuf-fuf-fell;
 To a stut-tut-tream I will afterwards nun-nun-name,
 And thus their mischances did tut-tut-tut-tell.

YE FIRSTE POORE TRAVELER.

My name, sir, is pup-pup-Preston S. Bub-bub-rooks;
 I've but little more tut-tut-time to re mum-mum-main
 I'm out or or every man's bub-bub-books,
 Be ca-ca-cause I "raised ca-ca-Cane!"

YE SECONDE POORE TRAVELER.

I'm bib-bib-Butler—of fuf-fuf-Pharaoh's house,
 I dud-dud-dream'd that my "relative" sis-sis-swung:
 And mum-mum-*my* head then went in the nu-nu-nu-*noose*.
 Oh, I hope I shall nun-nun-never be huh-huh-*long*.

YE THIRD POORE TRAVELER.

I fuf-fuf-find myself, sir, at a lul-lul-loss;
 My nun-nun-name, you know, sir, is kuk-kuk-kuk-Cass
 I always have wuk-wuk-worked like a huh-huh-hess
 But I tut-tut-turn out to be but an an-an-an-*ass*!

YE FOURTH POORE TRAVELER.

And Aw am that old Bub-bub-bub-Buchanier;
 Aw lul-lul-long have been wishing to ruh-ruh-*run*

But Aw trip so, and stul-stul-stumble, Aw fuf-fuf-fear.
That with the *next* fuf-fuf-fall Aw am dead-dead-done;

YE FIFTH POORE TRAVELER.

I'm Mem-mem-Millard; I ho-ho-ho-hope I shall win;
I never can r-r-r-run, I con fuf-fuf-fess,—
But there mem-mem-*may* be a way to gig-gig-get in;
I th-th-think I shall try *The Ex-pup-pup-press!*

YE SIXTH POORE TRAVELER.

Sir, I am the dud-dug-Douglas the tut-tut-true;
And I'm lul-lul-like Alexander the gug-gug-Great;
There's nun-nun-nothing that I can su-su-su-"subdue,"
And I shall die ded-ded-drunk sure as fuf-fuf-fate!

YE SEVENTH POORE TRAVELER.

Aw'm the pup-pup-President! ah, dwop a tut-tut-tear!
Am'm vewy dis tut-tut-twess'd in maw-maw-mind;
Tha've ended maw w-w-w-wicked ca-w-w-weah!
Alas! Aw've been gig-gig-' going it bub-bub-bub-blind.'

YE FATE OF YE TRAVELERS.

Ye trav'lers thus tut-tut-told their mis huh-huh-haps,
Then got into the bub-bub-boats on the shu-shu shore;
And once in 'Salt wuh-wuh-Wiver,' these ch-ch-ch-chaps
Were mum-mum-mention'd nor mum-mum-miss'd nev-
ermore! TUT-TUT-T.

OH, JESSIE IS A SWEET, BRIGHT LADY.

AIR — "*Comin' through the Rye.*"

If our Johnny woo his Jessie,
From auld Tommy's eye,
Win his Jessie, wed his Jessie,
Need auld Tommy cry?

Oh Jessie is a sweet, bright lady —
Jessie, Johnny's bride,

She and her brave, her noble laddie
Always side by side.

If our Johnny lead his Jessie
To a "Romish priest,"
Her to marry, without tarry,
Need "Sammy" fret the least?

Oh Jessie is, etc.

We'll with Johnny, "give 'em Jessie,"
'Neath the White House roof;
From brave Johnny, and sweet Jessie,
Need Southern hold aloof?

Oh Jessie is, etc.



